

Adam Fieled

REVOLVER

Scantly Clad Press, 2008/2018

Taxman

These papers we move
around: indisputably your
life. You are more form
(to be filled out by me)
than flesh & blood; I go
home at night to drink,
thinking of nothing, not
you. I am form, too, to
be pushed around, &
yes pennies cover my
eyes, & I look for depth,
perceive none.

Covered
in cuts, I am Mr. Paper,
I cut, am cut, will cut,
am cutting. I will hurt
you like you won't believe.
I hurt, too, somewhere beneath.

Eleanor Rigby

She kneels in prayer, is
distracted by a dust-mote,
mind moving back before
two wars that took every-
thing. *Mum, look at the
butterfly. Father, look at
the caterpillar.* It is night.

Father looks at a book
ordered specially to disturb
him. God is Dead, & yes
it may be. Godless World,
so it seems. Certainly no
God in a dusty room; how
could God fit in here?

She fits the coffin right
well, he thinks. No reason
for her life to go on. No
reason for any life to, really.
We've made our lives up
from nothing, including
what's holy: because we're lonely.

I'm Only Sleeping

There was a knife in
my back but it wasn't
my back, a song being
sung that wasn't a song,
then I was floating in a
bunch of colors, now I
think I see myself there.
Yes, I definitely am, I'm
there but not quite here
in moving, in floating, I
think I heard a voice w
the knife, it was in my
head, talking to me but
I was on something's
side, couldn't hear. Now
I am deliciously dead in
ecstasy, because not yet.

Love You To

You don't connect it:
our lovemaking with
identity questions, any
more than my fingers
pointing at the moon
are, in fact, a kind of
moon, that can enter
your physical entity &
give you a new (albeit
brief) identity. I weave
in & out of you, in &
out of me, you don't
get time to say I'm this
or that, because how
can I be, being entity?

Here, There, and Everywhere

I love the seven veils
of satin you have laid
me with. I love sharp
spikes leaping from
your eyes when I laugh
at a chance flippant
remark. I love these
things expecting them
to change. I love changes
happening every time I
run my hands through
your hair. It's everywhere.

Yellow Submarine

The yellow submarine goes
down into depths sorted for
me by old books, looking for
axioms, octopi, trying to get off-
script, as if the entire ocean
were merely stage directions,
a cast of trillions, matter falling
into place, impinging yellow props—

She Said She Said

Don't back me into a
fucking corner, don't
tell me to see what you
see, I've been around
the block (dizzy as any
windmill, right as any
rain, febrile, fleeting &
fleeing), I don't care
about how you died &
came back, I don't want
to put my hands on your
death-wound (or death-
wish or death-cry), just
sit there quietly like a
good girl & watch the
way the grandfather
clock works: tick, tock.

Good Day Sunshine

I never knew what *jocund*
din meant until we fell under
a beech tree, felt beechen, &
heard a redbreast call, from shadows
numberless, like a thousand
kisses, *jocund din* could never
be (until now) what is for me:

this woman, webbed clean,
with velvet, fabric, woven pink patterns of
both, who reclines, accepting
who I may be, in the midst of
manhood (which dwells in night's
skewered wood), sun-dappled leaves lull

us back to a shared, novel childhood,
(we hear buses go by somewhere
distant), pure unbounded joy looms
over us, phantom of our opera, as
I find myself a lever, gears working,
sunlight channels through skins red/white—

And Your Bird Can Sing

How you move at any moment:
invert strong emotion into weak

action, every time, so that pieces
above you perceive no threat, yet

keep all those feelings, make a forest of
green passion in your pulpy heart;

& as you castle me, you're Rapunzel,
I want to stamp on your hair, instead

I take your last black pawn, pawn it for
a sidelong glance of square, golden torso—

For No One

I made eggs for breakfast—
I won't be eating them, though.
It takes two to know, you know.
If I'm left high & dry in thin
air, it's my fault, not yours.
Tell him I wish him (you)
well, I think he's (you're)
very lucky, not all of us
have a passionate fate.
Some of us look forward
to scrambled eggs, maybe
even tea if we feel ambitious.
Here, Red Zinger: delicious.

Doctor Robert

“You can use panes of
shaded glass, if you think
transparency too much of
a cop-out, but for God’s
sake don’t forget that, if
you’re lucky, there may
be someone reading, who
wants to know about you,
(just you, like just spring)
not have a frigid finicky finger
pointed back in his/her
face. You don’t have to
be Romantic to be romantic...”

he rapidly drank a shot of whiskey

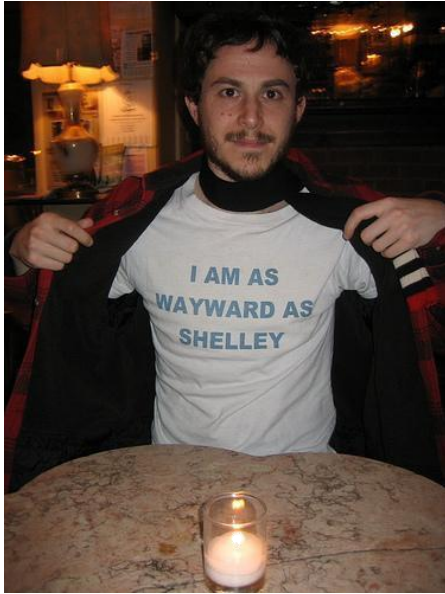
I Want To Tell You

There are systems & systems
& this one doesn't work for me,
though you do, which is why I urge
you, dump this system, it's only there
to hang you from a flagpole & make
you wave & give you a wedgie &
then you'll have to write the same
poem a thousand times,

& see the way they posture & pull
each other down & make up funny
names for each other & the whole
thing ends in a dialogue not intelligent
enough to be even Rabelaisian &
that's really saying something & so am
I, here, now— when they bid you, don't
bow

Tomorrow Never Knows

It is not dying: where I
go when I close my eyes
& the world shuts in upon
itself & gives me the womb
of fear I need to forget fear.
Nothing shines but the light
at the end where I catch hold
of myself floating inward/
outward & I know how I
connect to the cosmos &
I am palpitating gently but
intensely & separations do
not exist except to point to
deeper unities of sperm & egg
& rhythm & motion & release
& fucking & what's behind it
& loving & what's behind it
& dying & what's behind it
& the answer is nothing,
nothing at all, all or nothing,
at one, a tone, atone



Adam Fieled is the author of ten books, multiple chaps and e-chaps, and his latest book is *The Posit Trilogy* (Argotist E-books, 2017). The second edition of *The White Album* (Ungovernable Press, 2009) is forthcoming from Eratio Editions this summer.

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in & out of you, in &
out of me, you don't
get time to say I'm this
or that, because how
can I be, being entity?

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I love the seven veils
of satin you have laid
me with. I love sharp
spikes leaping from
your eyes when I laugh
at a chance flippant
remark. I love these
things expecting them
to change. I love changes
happening every time I
run my hands through
your hair. It's everywhere.

Yellow Submarine

Out on the ocean, sailing
away, I saw a wave dally,
it smiled, said my name, it
was playing, it broke in a
way expressing its shape,
all over me, & now here
I am about to allegorize the
fucking thing, Sunny Jim...

She Said She Said

Don't back me into a
fucking corner, don't
tell me to see what you
see, I've been around
the block (dizzy as any
windmill, right as any
rain, febrile, fleeting &
fleeing), I don't care
about how you died &
came back, I don't want
to put my hands on your
death-wound (or death-
wish or death-cry), just
sit there quietly like a
good girl & watch the
way the grandfather
clock works: tick, tock.

Good Day Sunshine

I never knew what *jocund
din* meant until I sat under
a beech & felt beechen, &
heard a redbreast, w hands
on your breasts, shadows
numberless in a thousand
kisses, boy what Catullus
missed by being born too
early, I mean this is really
the life, I don't think Paul
McCartney was ever this
happy, Keats of course
not, Wordsworth maybe,
w Mary, but of course
jocund din could never
be for him what is for me:
a blowjob under a tree.

And Your Bird Can Sing

If you're Princess Leia to
my Han Solo: *laugh it up,*
fuzzball. My Millennium
Falcon has a chess board,
I just took your rook, see
pieces float, what dreams
may come include a queen
& king, you & I, détente,
or at least ceasefire, I can't
relax in this atmosphere of
singing birds, one on your
shoulder, who are you, Rimbaud?

For No One

I made eggs for breakfast:
go ahead, they're for you.
Don't worry about what's
happened: I don't hold it
against you. Born under
an arachnid's star, you
can't help but sting. If
I'm left high & dry in thin
air, it's my fault, not yours.
Tell him I wish him (you)
well, I think he's (you're)
very lucky, not all of us
have a passionate fate.
Some of us look forward
to scrambled eggs, maybe
even tea if we feel ambitious.
Here, Red Zinger: delicious.

Doctor Robert

I don't know if either
you or I believe in home
repair, but I do know this:
transparent windows in
text are not impossible,
even if the pane happens
to be made of sentiment.
You can use panes of
shaded glass, if you think
transparency too much of
a cop-out, but for God's
sake don't forget that, if
you're lucky, there may
be someone reading, who
wants to know about you,
(*just you*, like *just spring*)
not have a frigid finicky finger
pointed back in his/her
face. You don't have to
be Romantic to be romantic.

I Want to Tell You

There are systems & systems
& this one doesn't work for
me, though you do, which is
why I urge you, dump this
system, it's only there to hang
you from a flagpole & make
you wave & give you a wedgie &
then you'll have to write the
same poem a thousand times,

& see the way they posture &
pull each other down & make
up funny names for each other &
the whole thing ends in a dialogue
not intelligent enough to be even
Rabelaisian & that's really saying
something & so am I, here, now—
when they bid you, don't bow

Got to Get You Into My Life

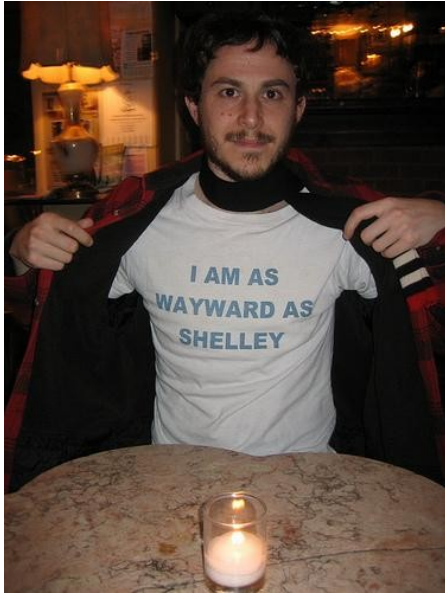
I was alone, I rode
down through tunnels,
mucus walled, I nosed
a way through, no dope.
I thought I was in the
Void: I was wrong, this
was just like a way to get
to Brooklyn via spirit
e-mail. I picked up the
requisite drawl, the Mona
Lisa half-smile, sensual
mutter, how to rub a
woman's back, bathe
w her, give her a physical
home. I was riding through
you. I still haven't found
what I'm looking for: no

matter. It's no sin to go slow.

Tomorrow Never Knows

It is not dying: where I
go when I close my eyes
& the world shuts in upon
itself & gives me the womb
of fear I need to forget fear.
Nothing shines but the light
at the end where I catch hold
of myself floating inward/
outward & I know how I
connect to the cosmos &
I am palpitating gently but
intensely & separations do
not exist except to point to
deeper unities of sperm & egg
& rhythm & motion & release

& fucking & what's behind it
& loving & what's behind it
& dying & what's behind it
& the answer is nothing,
nothing at all, all or nothing,
at one, a tone, atone



Adam Fieled is the author of two books: *Opera Bufo* (Otoliths, 2007) and *Beams* (BlazeVOX, 2007), as well as two chapbooks, *Posit* (Dusie Press) and *Funtime* (Funtime Press). He has work in *Jacket*, *Dusie*, *Rain Taxi*, *MiPOesias*, *Cordite*, *Nth Position*, *Big Bridge*, and elsewhere.